

# Mirandy on the New Incentive to Matrimony—By Dorothy Dix

"My daughter Ma'y Jane," remarked Mirandy, "sho'ly am a gal what is smart an' has got sense wid hit. Yassum, dat gal sho'ly im foxy beyond her years, an' w'ldout w'ldin' to fling no bouquets at myself, I bet I can guess which one of her parents she took after."

"Yassum, Ma'y Jane suitably is cut her wisdom teeth in de cradle, for de odder day she up an' says to me: 'Maw, says she, 'I ain't one of dese heah lady doubting Thomases, for hit is my opinion dat woman's greatest charm is for her to be of such a trustin' an' confidin' nature dat she can believe anythin' dat a man tells her even if she knows hit ain't true. Oh, says Ma'y Jane, a-rollin' her eyes up at de cellin', 'how beautiful is faith in woman!'"

## Then the Men Swam.

"Dat's right, daughter," 'pones I, 'de mo' dat a woman sets wid her mouf open lak a fly trap, ready to swallow anythin' when a man is a-talkin' to her, de mo' dat men swarms around her."

"No, goes on Ma'y Jane, I ain't one of dem women what is filled wid dark suspicious of men. On de odder hand, I has made hit my business to be one of dem elengin' vines what hangs on to de strong an' noble oak, an'—"

"Dat's de true word, daughter," says I. "Any woman dat's a good hanger-on can marry fo' times, hand runnin', ef hit pleases de good Lawd or de di-



"De matrimonial situation is jubbous when men is a-castin' around for Wives dat can live on water instead of three square-meals a day."

vorsh court to remove dat many husbands from her."

"But," says Ma'y Jane, "whilst I is of a believin' nature, dere is one thing dat has kind of shook my faith in man, an' filled me wid dark fo'bedence."

"Sho," 'pones I, "hit's time enough to begin doubtin' a man after you is mar-

nothin' but water passed deir lips, an' de papers say dat all of dese ladies as des been snowed under wid letters from men askin' deir hands in marriage. Now, I ain't a-wishin' to cast any asparagus on de motives of dem men, but de matrimonial situation looks mighty jubbous to me when men is a-castin' around for wives dat can live on a few slips of water instead of havin' to have three square meals a day."

## Her Recommendation.

"My land!" 'clains I. "What'll dey be wantin' next?"

"Goodness knows," says Ma'y Jane, "but I 'spects to hear befo' long dat when you recommends a gal to a young man you'll say dat she's pretty, an' smart, an' neat, an' industrious, an' an' eat but one straw a day."

"Men sho'ly is done lost deir gallantry ef dey done come to de place whar dey begrudges deir lady loves enough to eat," 'pones I, "an' when dey commences to make a break for de women wid fastin' records, hit's time to fight shy of de aliar."

"Dat's right," says Ma'y Jane, "an' no man who thinks dat a few slips of cold water is a elegant dinner for a wife need come around me. Fudermore I don't want no husband dat's gwine to figger out how much ev'ry po'k chop I eat costs, an' who is a-wishin' all de time dat he had married a wife what was cheaper kept."



"When de time comes dat I'se got to chose between a husband an' a beefsteak, I'se gwine to take de beefsteak."

"Dem are true words," says I. "Befo' you marries a man you take notice of wheeder he carries his change loose in his pocket or fastened up tight in a puss, an' wheeder, when he sets you up to a chicken dinner, he orders two portions, or one, an' eats de mos' of dat."

"Things sho'ly do look discouragin' in her teeth about how much mo' she

eats dan some odder lady what can make a hearty meal off of a glass of hot water."

## "Things Look Discouraging."

"Men don't know hit," 'pones I, "but de ideal wife is a lady what has feathers on her an' holds de hunger belt championship."

"Well," says Ma'y Jane, "I'se always had my suspicions dat de reason dat men made out lak dat de only women dat dey admired was dese heah livin' skeletons ladies was because dey wanted to econo-mize on candy an' buyin' dem dinners when dey took 'em out, an' derefore de fact dat men is fallin' over demselves to try to marry dese women what's done showed dat dey could go widout eatin' for twenty days don't surprise me none."

"Well," 'pones I, "dere's one good thing about hit, an' dat is dat hit'll promote matrimony, for when women get so dat dey can live on water most any man can afford to get married."

"Huh," 'clains Ma'y Jane, "dat's a mighty thin diet dat won't make no hit wid many women. When de time comes dat I'se got to chose between a beefsteak an' a husband, I'se gwine to take de beefsteak because hit'll stand by you longer. None of dis heah cold water an' fastin' love for mine. I wants my husband to prove his love by a gittin' out an' hustlin' an' gittin' me somethin' good to eat."

## The Pretty Cook's Way

Her Slang Sends the Grocery Boy Scramming

By KENNETT HARRIS.

"H OW'S Little Sunshine this morning?" inquired the grocery boy, solicitously, as he laid his basket on the table and smiled at the pretty cook.

"I don't suppose you'd learn to wipe your feet when you come into a clean kitchen in a million years, would you?" returned the pretty cook, acidly.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the grocery boy. "They're no telling what training might do."

"That's so, too," admitted the pretty cook. "They're no pigs, den't they?"

"I couldn't say as to that," said the



That combination of milkman and cross-eyed was too much for the grocery clerk.

grocery boy. "All the pigs feet I ever seen looked clean when they took 'em out of the barrel, but I don't believe they done it themselves. That reminds me of what my mother used to tell my eldest sister. She was going with a feller that was a cooper by trade, my sister was, and de old lady wouldn't fall for it. 'Any trade but a cooper,' says my mother. 'A cooper is always a-whoreopin' it up,' says she."

"I never heard that," said the pretty cook. "I've heard dat painters was that way, and some of dese fresh fellows that works in grocery stores. Did your sister marry de cooper?"

"No," answered the grocery boy. "She would have, but he kept a-staving it off. What do I get down on de list to-day?"

She Gives Her Order.

"Put down to wipe your feet de next time you come in," said the pretty cook. "Then you can bring me a couple of pounds of butter."

"Eating or cooking?" inquired the grocery boy.

"Best creamery," replied the pretty

cook. "The butter you spell with a B, not the O kind."

"I see," said the grocery boy. "Mrs. Burch, who keeps the boarding house at No. 1723, she says to me, 'I want some cooking butter,' she says, 'and some eating butter, and then I want some for the boarders' table.'"

"I s'pose you expect me to believe that," said the pretty cook.

"No, I don't," returned the grocery boy. "The more a man tells the truth, the less he's believed."

"That's how you got your reputation, I guess," said the pretty cook.

Objecting to His Looks.

"I wish I knew which way to take that," said the grocery boy. "It doesn't make much difference, though. If I was only cross-eyed and sold that white, wet stuff they get past the inspector for milk, I'd be all right. I wouldn't mind him being a milkman if he wasn't cross-eyed, and I could stand for him being cross-eyed if he wasn't a milkman; but, on the level, the combination's too hard for me, Evelina. Say, if ever you change your mind, I've an attractive proposition for you."

"No; what?" asked the pretty cook, eagerly.

"I could say," replied the grocery boy. "Even if I wasn't in honor bound not to tell you, I couldn't, because I don't know. I often think what a blessing it is that we don't know what people say about us unless one of our close friends puts us wise because he thinks we really ought to know. I had a friend once who used to do that right along. Especially if he got mad at me about anything he'd say, 'Billy, I hate to hurt your feelings, but a guy told me to-day that he thought you was the limit.'"

"No; what?" asked the pretty cook, eagerly.

"I'll always take orders from you, Evelina, milkman or no milkman. Now, what do you say to a few gallons of rice New Orleans molasses, or a can or two of baked beans, the greatest labor-saving device of the century? Our imported sardines are right fresh from the custom house, and we've a nice line of clothespins. Do you know what the girl next door says about you?"

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## Reasons Why Women Should Vote—By Beatrice Fairfax



Some Kinds of Womanly Foolishness.

Which, according to Life, should keep the ballot from women. The reasons given by Life are:

No. 1—Using of anti-fat. No. 2—Wearing of beauty masks. No. 3—Using dangerous hat pins. No. 4—Wearing high heels. No. 5—Having dead birds on her hat. No. 6—Dodging her maternal obligations. No. 7—Having dresses that button in the back. No. 8—Tight lacing. No. 9—Wearing false hair. No. 10—An inborn love of adornment.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Men certainly are queer, inconsistent creatures. They will solemnly tell you that woman is not fit to vote, that she is too frivolous, too helpless, or that her mind could not conceive the importance of owning a vote.

Their pet reason is that she would neglect her maternal duties.

"How can you expect a person who wears heels three inches high, a hat pin a foot long and corsets so long she can't sit down in them, to use sense and discretion in voting," said a man to me the other day.

"But most men have a vote," I ventured timidly.

"That's quite different," he answered grandly. "Men ought to have some voice in the managing of the state and country."

Then I thought of some of the men who vote.

The loafer, who allows his wife to bend over the washtub earning the money to support the family, while he smokes and talks, has a vote, but the wage earner has not.

The empty-headed masher, who in-

METHOD IN HIS MADNESS.

"Yes," said the wise young man who hadn't long been married, "when my wife first began to do her own cooking we were having company every day; three some relatives, acquaintances, so-called friends. Gradually they all dropped off, and then we engaged a good cook."

AWKWARD.

Lionel: "You are charging to-night."

"Indeed! What nice things you men say. Mr. Brown just told me the same thing."

Lionel (anxious to depreciate his rival): "Of course, you don't believe he meant it."

If the various kinds of womanly foolish-

ness should keep the ballot from women,

should not the above kinds of manly fool-

ishness and manly crime serve to take the

ballot away from man?

the managing of the State and country."

And how about the thousands of earnest, hard-working women, why have not they the right to have some voice in the managing of their city, State and country?

In the first place, woman will not lose one atom of her femininity, nor will she neglect her maternal duties. She does not expect to camp out at the polls, gentlemen.

Is not a whiskey bottle more demoralizing than a high heel or a big hat, or even than a little bit of false hair?

Of course the day will come when woman will vote, whether man wants her to or not, but in the meantime she has to suffer a good many rebuffs.

During the shirt waist strike I stood waiting to cross the road. A number of the strikers were marching to the city hall to interfere with the Mayor. Decent, modest, well-behaved girls they were, but every loafer along the street saw fit to insult them and jeer at them. Those girls had no vote, but the lowly specimens of manhood had. That's a nice state of affairs, isn't it?

Never mind, sisters, the day will come and then we'll show the men that we know how to use a vote quite as well as they do, and perhaps a little bit better.

POSITIVE EVIDENCE.

Tom—Are you quite sure she loves you? Jack—Oh, yes.

Tom—How do you know? Jack—When I told her that I had no money to get married on she offered to borrow some from her father.

NOT AN ADVERTISEMENT.

Customer—I want to buy one of those unbreakable incandescent mantles you have advertised.

Assistant—I'm very sorry, sir, but we accidentally got our whole stock smashed this afternoon.

ON TOUR.

Star—Is the house full to-night? Local Manager—Nope. This town is temperance.

## Fog Horn Tales

Captain Pinchle's Nautical Airship

By HANK.

"THAT was a wonderful stunt that guy did the other day flying over New York in an airship."

"I would have been scared to death myself."

"I suppose you would," replied the Captain, scornfully. "Pilots have very little of you call nerve, and it."

The Pilot laughed good-naturedly. He realized that Captain Pinchle was not directly answer the reflection on his courage. Instead he said:

"I suppose you wouldn't have been afraid a little bit, eh?"

"No, I wouldn't," replied the Captain stoutly. "For der reason dat I vunce flew a thousand miles over der sea, and I vass not frightened."

"Well," sighed the Pilot, as he realized that the Captain was about to launch another of his Munchausen-like yarns, "tell us all about it, but be quick, because you must pull that Fog Horn rope in ten minutes."

A Strange Adventure.

"Id vass a very strange adventure indeed," the Captain began. "Id vass vun Summer, very hot, vun I vass sailing my schooner, der Gretchen, to Liverpool mit a load of coal. Ve vass packed full mit coal, and der hatches vere battened down as tight as could be."

"Vell, ven we hat gone about two thousand miles I noticed vun day dat der ship vass nod as low in der water as she vass ven we started. 'Vass last' I to myself said, and called der crew. Nobody seemed to know vat vass der matter, and so ve go sailing along until vun night Hans, my cabin boy, voke me up. 'Captain,' he says, 'der ship las out from der water!'"

"Vell, I thought der boy vass crazy mit der head, but I ran on deck, and vot you tink?"

The Pilot smiled silently.

"Id vass true," exclaimed Captain Pinchle, "der ship vass in der air sailing very fast. Vell, in der morning ve vass about 100 foot up, sailing off big steamships mit der passengers all looking up at us as if dey hat seen a ghost."

The Mystery Solved.

"What made the ship rise?" asked the Pilot, who had become mildly interested in spite of himself.

"Id seems," the Captain went on, "dat der vedder vass so hot dat der

coal got hot too. You know dat gas

has made out of coal?"

"I have heard so," said the Pilot. "Vell," explained the Captain, "der overheated coal kept making gas until der ship vass lifted high in der air. Ven ve found ve vass going very high, Hans, dat bright boy, vould open vun of der hatches and let out a liddle gas. Zen ve vould drop down a liddle, and so ve sailed for a thousand miles to Liverpool."

"What happened when you got there?" asked the Pilot.

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